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OWOSSO, MICH., JUNE 30, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 162

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OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1882.

By the way, another fast youth, Moses, ex-Carpet-bag Governor of South Carolina, whose arrest for swindling I mentioned some time ago, has been packed off to the Penitentiary. He used to be a great boy, up to every racket, and probably got through more money (belonging to other people) in a shorter space of time than any other young man in America. I couldn't say whether he was a member of the Racquet Club or not.

A humbler, but still more ingenious delinquent has come to grief in the person of one W. J. Sipple, an ex-telegraph operator, who, by means of bogus telegraph dispatches, attempted to get hold of somewhere about \$50,000 from the paymaster's office of the Erie railroad. He got a wire, pretending to be a high official, ordered all the operators to cut off their wires, and then telegraphed a cock-and-bull yarn as from the treasurer to the superintendent of division, in whose custody the cash was, about some alleged conspiracy to get it, and ordering him to "hang on" to it till he sent a detective with an order for it. That little bit of slang was the slip that slung Sipple. The treasurer, it seems, abhors even the mildest forms of slang, and the result was Sipple was arrested.

Window dressing has become a fine art, and among those who have mastered it are some tasty gentlemen employed by Messrs. Lord & Taylor, the great dry goods firm, who scattered the successors of Stewart, and gave the old man himself such a shake that it is thought by many disappointed at seeing his business slipping away was that really killed him. When Garfield died, there was but one general expression that of all the exponents of graceful grief, the draping of Lord & Taylor's was by far the most striking, and, mind you, they had for rivals all the taste and talent of the city. On any day the display in their windows is beautiful, but they will have something very attractive on exhibition shortly, a new dress for Mrs. Garfield, of brocade silk, made by (naturalized) American silkworms in 14 States, which were fed on American mulberry leaves, and were raised by American girls in 26 different families, containing 28,000 distinct threads, and requiring no less than 3,600 needles in the Jacquard loom to form the exquisitely complicated pattern. Some of the cocoons or balls of raw silk spun by the worms as a protection to the chrysalis they turn into before becoming moths were produced under the care of Rebecca Taylor, mother of Bayard Taylor, the poet, who died while Minister to Germany recently. The work was all done under the direction of the Woman's Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia and the silk was reeled by this, being the most delicate operation of all.

Garibaldi's old house on Staten Island has been presented to the Italians of New York. They turned out in force to receive the noble gift, and the procession was a notable one, numbers of his old comrades being present in the old uniforms they had fought in under his eye. The great copper cauldron where he boiled the materials for the candles, by the sale of which he supported so many of his poor countrymen, was scoured till it shone like gold, and was kept filled by a hose pipe from a neighboring brewery, while the thirsty crowd were given every chance to empty it.

Starin, the millionaire tugboat and excursion man, and State Senator, whose daughter was recently married to Howard Carroll, of the Times, the accomplished son of the gallant Brigadier who was killed at Antietam, within a few feet of Meagher's Irish Brigade, whom he had just relieved, has a liking for the still living soldiers and the other day took out five thousand of them, of all ranks, with their wives and belongings, for a long day's sail, and treated them right royally. This is the fourth annual excursion of the kind given by Mr. Starin, who evidently doesn't share in the too prevalent notion that the veterans are "swindlers" because they accept pensions for their wounds.

Where does the "swindle" come in? Every nation gives pensions to wounded soldiers. If we were as accustomed to war as England, for instance we should have had no trouble. Every wounded man there, disabled or not, gets "blood money" for each wound, and is mighty proud of it. Lots of the officers get twice as much in this way as their pay comes to. Of course, if people let their debts run on for eighteen years or more, the sum total is apt to be startling, but is that a reason for cheating? There's a howl about the burden to posterity. Has any one yet struck on the idea that we are 52,000,000 strong according to the last census, and immigrants are pouring in literally by the million? Why should they not help to pay pensions to those whose blood saved this country for them to come to?

By the way, it might be well to insist on all new occupiers of the public lands planting a tree for each one cut down. We shall be in a bad box some day, if something of the kind isn't done. Lumber is already up, and in the development of the country immense quantities of wood must be used, and we all know there is great waste beyond legitimate use.

Strikes are again the foremost topic of the hour. Trade is paralyzed now by the resolve of the freight-handlers not to work for less than 20 cents an hour. At this rate, they wouldn't average more than \$10 a week, which is little enough in such an expensive city, where the rent eats up so much of a man's earnings. The depots are getting blocked up with goods which have arrived and cannot be distributed, and with goods which the railroad people can't send, while merchants generally have had to stop filling orders till the difficulty is got over. It has been a great card for the Anti-monopoly people, an illustration of the effects of the rapacity of the railroads which is brought home to the pockets and thus to the brains of everybody. Provisions are already at famine rates, and if we can't do business with folks outside and sell our goods, why we sha'n't have any money to buy provisions with after awhile. The great grocery house with which Mr. F. B. Thurber, the anti-monopolist chief is connected, must be literally losing thousands of dollars an hour by the unconscionable delay.

Pugilism is enjoying a great season of revival, and there have been several mills at Coney Island, which has been officially declared to be out of the jurisdiction of the Brooklyn authorities, and it has none of its own that anybody shows any respect for. Its racecourse, too, is a daily scene of gaiety, and events coming off there divide the attention of the gallant sports of Wall and the adjacent streets with the price of stocks or pork or potatoes. Yachting, too, has been carried on with spirit, and June calms have for once given place to wholesome breezes of the liveliest kind. Nearly half of the N. Y. Yacht Club were disabled at their regatta, and the famous old Julia was wrenched almost to pieces. The modern cracks all seemed able to sail round her.

Unfortunate New York and Brooklyn are paying \$3,000 a day interest on account of the Great Bridge, because the Edgemoor Iron Company, the only one in the world which has facilities for furnishing the steel required, has deliberately dawdled in the supply. They are represented by a Colonel Sellers (not of "The Almighty Dollar"), who had the cheek

to tell the Mayors of the two cities and the other members of the Committee that the Company had been building a bridge in New Zealand, but would do better in future. The fact is, they thought they weren't going to make as much as they wanted on the contract and waited for a possible tumble in metal. Sad rogues. English too.

One Breitmann, about a year ago (I don't know whether it was Hans who "gave a bardy"), was the subject of the first suit for damages brought by a wife against a too fascinating temptress. A dashing and alluring widow of means, one Mrs. Paasch, had coaxed this faithless Breitmann from his wife and numerous small children and had to pay roundly for him. Then they were happy for a space. Recently they don't appear to have been so happy. The man is in the hospital with a bullet in his back, and the old lady is in jail. Gentle corrections with flat irons, coffee cups or anything handy seem to have been frequent. Sometimes the woman got the best of it and sometimes the man. It seems to have rained in their apartments with boots and bottles and hot and heavy missiles of all kinds.

There are persecuted Hebrews here of American birth as well as the refugees from Russia. One of them was so imprudent as to marry a Christian girl. His relatives thought he must be crazy and acting on their belief calmly seized the first opportunity and confined him in an insane asylum. The bride wasn't going to lose her groom in any such way and has gone to court about it. Pending decision, the patient, who is said to be harmless, has been consigned to the guardianship of his wife.

Akin to such persecution, is the revival of torture. Of course we know the Red Indians, Chinese, West Point Cadets and other savages indulge in this mediaeval pastime, but grown-up Americans have not been supposed capable of it. The other day eleven mulish jurors rebelled against the sensible man who couldn't convince them and proceeded to try to force him to coincide with their views. They sat upon him, sprinkled water over him, pelted him with spitballs and finally begged hard to be allowed to take him out in the park and duck him in the fountain till he gave way. Then they wrote to the judge explaining what they had done and the judge was fool enough not to rebuke them for their atrocious conduct and insult to the bench itself by their communication. RADIX.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 24, 1882.

The Democratic politicians have been felicitating themselves upon certain difficulties of the Republicans in Pennsylvania and elsewhere to such an extent that they appeared almost to forget their own troubles in New York and the dangers with which they are beset through widespread discontent in various Southern States. But there seems to be somewhat of a reaction among them, and they are just now not half so tickled as they thought they were. The old bickerings and the general condition of dismay caused by the utter lack of a concordant policy and the want of brains or leadership, return to plague them now as in the past. The Oregon election rather opened their eyes. Ever since the veto of the first Chinese bill by the President the Democrats had chuckled over their smartness and good luck in capturing the Pacific slope, as they supposed, but since the first gun from that quarter has been heard from their high spirits have "sloped." This is merely a fresh illustration of their bad management and miscalculation.

And now Democratic Congressmen and the organs of the party here are making a fuss about their Congressional campaign committee. Each party maintains a committee here, independent of the National organization, the purpose of which is to keep a general lookout over the Congressional districts, to supply documents and aid the local committees. Early in the season the Democratic committee was appointed with Gen. Rosecrans at its head and Senator Davis, of West Virginia, at the tail, and the wealthy Mr. Flower, of New York, in the middle. There was quite a flourish of trumpets and announcements that the Democratic Congressional campaign was going to be put through with a whoop. But it seems this was about the last of it. Senator Slater says that no documents or aid of any kind was sent to Oregon, and the committee does not even appear to have been aware that an election was to occur in that state. Consequently the Republicans had a walk-over, and Mr. Grover will retire from the Senate next March. There is grumbling all round, and the Post calls upon the committee to get up on its hind legs and howl, or resign and let somebody else do it. Gen. Rosecrans disgusted some of his fellow Democrats by proposing to raise a campaign fund by a sort of "Betty and the baby" ten cent subscription.

Speculation on the alleged probability of Mr. Conkling entering the Cabinet of President Arthur after the elections this fall continues to break out every few days. Since the nomination of Judge Folger for Governor of New York, has ceased to be considered probable, it has been again said that Mr. Frelinghuysen would shortly succeed Mr. Lowell as Minister to England, and Mr. Conkling thus be provided for in the Cabinet. Undoubtedly nothing would give the President more pleasure than to have Mr. Conkling re-enter public life as one of his advisers, but I have it from the most unquestioned authority that the ex-Senator will not consent to come back to public service through the means of an executive appointment. When the President was in New York, Mr. Conkling expressed to him his sincere gratification at his kindly offers, but he said that he felt more happy and contented as he was now: that he fully recognized the unjust hostility exhibited toward him, and that even if his individual inclination should tempt him to accept the President's offers he would decline because of his resolve to do nothing to embarrass the Administration.

That interesting and amusing difference of opinion as to salaries, which has existed between the House and Senate for several years, has lately broken out again, though not in a new spot. The question of Senatorial dignity also enters into the matter. The House every now and then undertakes to equalize the pay of employees of the two branches of Congress, but the Senate regularly sets down on the effort. Formerly the pay allowed by the two houses was the same, but in the days of Democratic economy, six years ago—the time when Sam. Randall and Holman undertook to save forty millions by reducing the salaries of clerks and scrub-women—the pay of all employees of the House was reduced about twenty per cent., thus leaving that of Senate employees one-fifth higher. The House employees ask for an equalization that will increase their salaries to the same figure that is paid by the Senate. The House, however, after talking the matter over, thought that an equalization could be effected as well by reducing the salaries of the Senate employees as by increasing those of the House, which action was accordingly taken. It is felt certain that before the bill leaves the Senate, all the portions reducing the salaries of employees of that body will be struck out, as the Senate is not as economically inclined as the House. A proposition to allow each Senator a clerk at \$1,200 a year, payable out of the contingent fund, recently received the votes of nearly half the Senators. It was not such an unreasonable proposition as might be supposed by those who do not understand what an enormous correspondence is entailed upon a Senator with people from every quarter of his State and even outside of it.

JUNIOR.